

"MA FILIPINO BABE"

Composed expressly
for the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

by Chas. K.
Harris,

Author of
After the Ball,
Break the News to
Mother, One
Night in June,
Just Tell Her that
I loved her, too.



SUNDAY
POST
DISPATCH
MUSIC ALBUM

Supplement
to the
St. Louis
Post-Dispatch,
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"Ma Filipino Babe."

By the author of "After The Ball."

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS,
Andante Moderato.

Arranged by JOS. CLAUDE.



1. On a war boat from Ma-ni-la Steam-ing proud-ly o'er the foam, There were
2. In a lit-tle rus-tic cot-tage In the far off Phil-ip-pines, Sits a

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are aligned under the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

ma-ny sail-ors' hearts fill'd with re-gret; Gaz-ing backwards at the Islands Where they'd
lit-tle black face'd maiden all a-lone; Wait-ing for her sail-or lov-er, Though he's

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line in the treble clef carries the melody, and the piano accompaniment in the bass clef provides harmonic support. The lyrics continue across the system.

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spent such hap - py days, Mak - ing love to ev - 'ry pret - ty girl they met,
black as black can be. Yet she loves him and her heart for him does yearn.

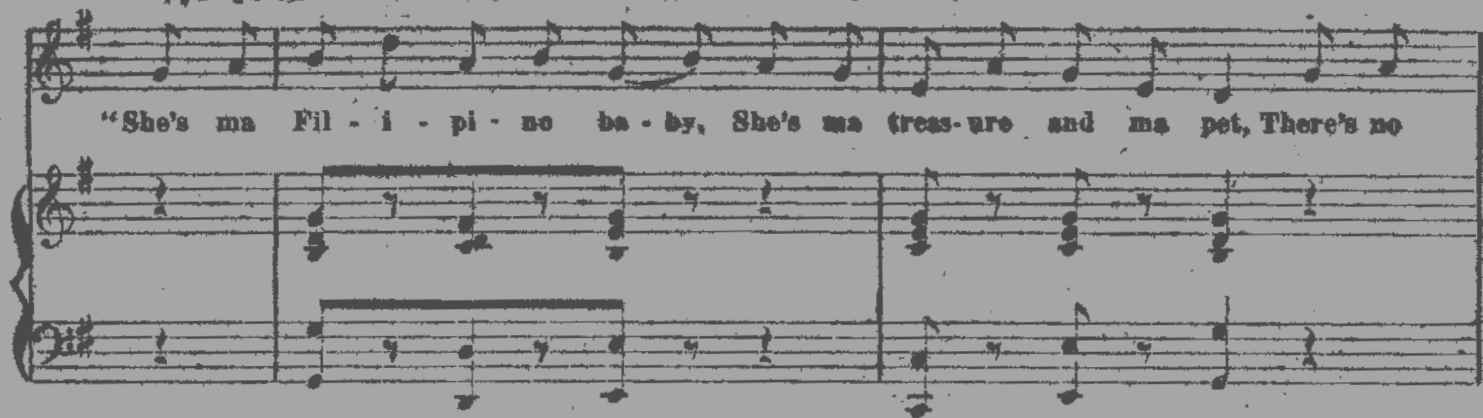
When up
Sud - den -

spoke a col - ored sail - or lad With bright eyes all a - glow, "Just
ly she hears his dear voice. As he cries out "Car - o - line, I've

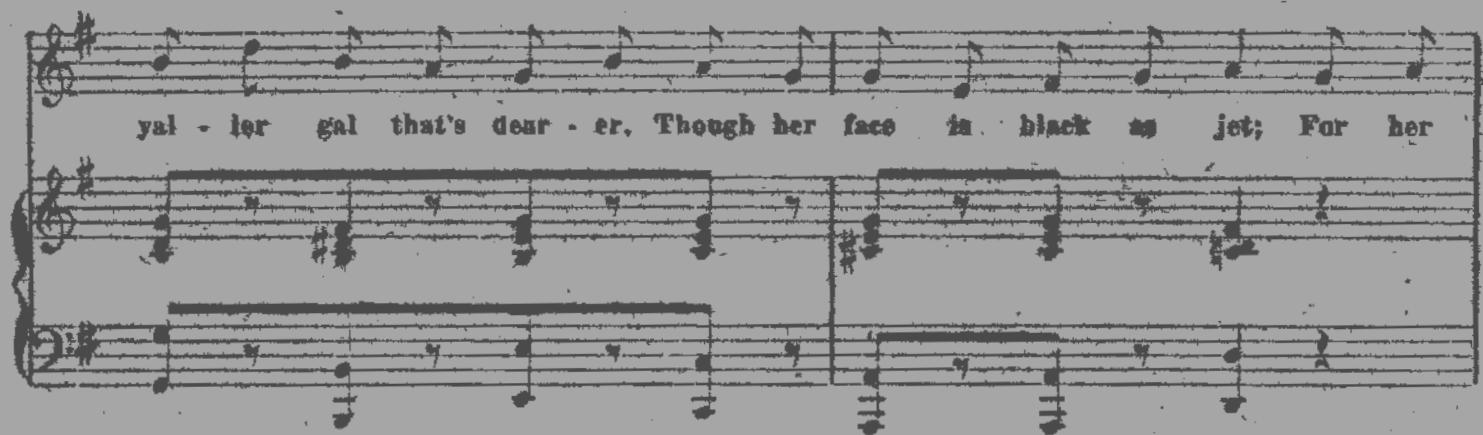
take a look at ma gal's pho - to - graph." How the white crew laugh'd and chaffed him, When her
come back to the on - ly gal I love." And that night there was a wed - ding, All the

shi - ny face they saw, But he said; "I love ma Fil - i - pi - no ba - by.
ship's crew gath - ered there, When he wed - ded his black Fil - i - pi - no ba - by.

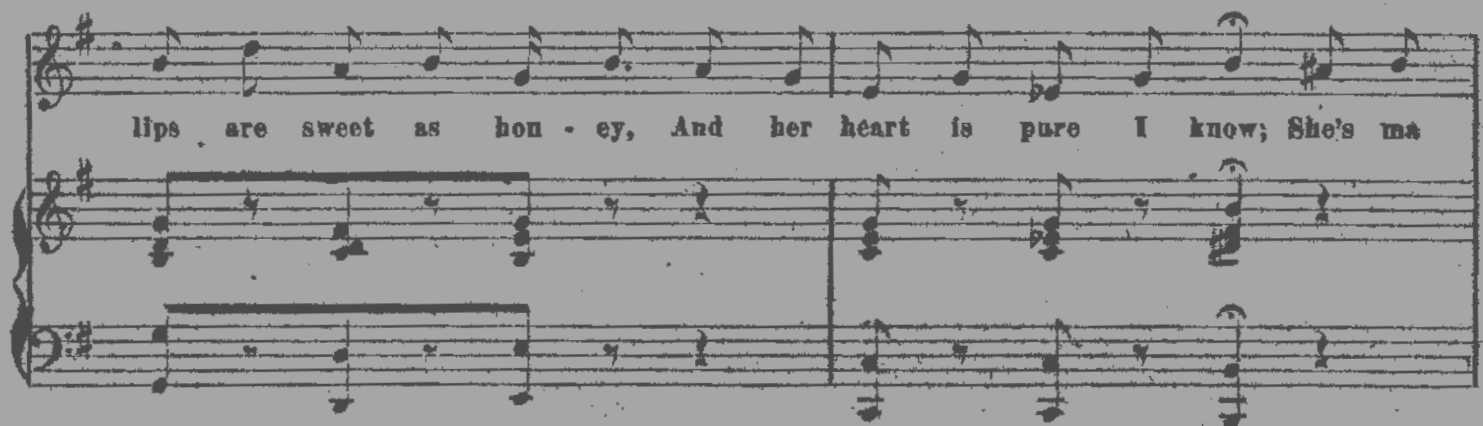
CHORUS.



"She's ma Fil - i - pi - no ba - by, She's ma treas - ure and ma pet, There's no



yal - ler gal that's dear - er, Though her face is black as jet; For her



lips are sweet as hon - ey, And her heart is pure I know; She's ma



pret - ty black faced Fil - i - pi - no ba - - - by.

D.C.